

Sight and Sound

by x-benihime

Category: Miraculous: Tales of Ladybug & Cat Noir

Genre: Friendship, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Adrien/ Chat Noir, Marinette

Dupain-Cheng/Ladybug

Pairings: Adrien/ Chat Noir/Marinette Dupain-Cheng/Ladybug

Status: Completed

Published: 2016-04-10 16:11:11

Updated: 2016-04-10 16:11:11

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:31:31

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,397

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Chat Noir disappears after an akuma attack with severe vision loss and Ladybug is worried sick. It's all she can do to go check on her absent blond classmate to make sure he's all right too. Ladynoir. Adrienette. Reveal Fic.

Sight and Sound

_A/N: __Happy Birthday to the lovely 567random. Today I have decided to not torture you. You get fluff :)_

* * *

><p>Paris was eerily silent, save the sound of wind.</p>

The breeze tickled Ladybug's cheeks as she paced back and forth atop the Eiffel Tower, rubbing her arms to keep warm. The suit did its job, sure, but she'd caught an internal shiver and that was something that unfortunately couldn't be prevented by her miraculous.

Her eyes darted around in the darkness, looking for any sort of movementâ€”heart leaping in her chest, but falling when it was a bird or small animal. With each passing second her anxiety grew, a state she'd been in constantly for the past three weeks.

Where was he?

Blinder had been a brutal akuma to deal with. Armed with two massive portable LASIK eye lasers, she'd rampaged the streets in search of couples, blinding all the men she could find. She was clearly heartbroken and vengeful, and Ladybug couldn't help feel her pain.

When she'd finally activated her Lucky Charm, that's when Blinder had

gotten serious. She'd lured Ladybug and Chat into a nearby carnival that was going on and into the House of Mirrors. She'd been figuring out what to do with the charm she'd been given when a high pitched whine started sounding.

She'd charged the laser again.

As soon as that thought had registered, Ladybug had been pulled into Chat's chest so quickly she couldn't believe it. With his arms around her head, blocking all light from possibly reaching her eyes, he curled around her. Tight.

When his grip had loosened and she'd pulled back from him, he was pressing the heels of his hands to his eyes, claws clenched in his hair and his teeth bared as a hiss escaped his mouth.

The light had blinded him.

After defeating the akuma, Ladybug had helped Chat out, guiding him away from the carnival and fending off any reporters that had been lurking around. When they'd managed to find a nearby secluded spot, Ladybug pulled his hands away from his eyes.

His sclerae that were normally green, were tinged red.

She'd offered to help him home, but he refused, insisting that he could see well enough to get home and he'd be better by tomorrow.

She hadn't seen him since.

Pulling out her yoyo, she swiped it open to check the time.

11:35pm.

She really needed to start patrol.

Rubbing her eyes, Ladybug muttered to herself and prepped to take off.

_ "Please come back, Kitty." _

* * *

><p>"We don't normally make deliveries around the holidaysâ€|"<p>

Marinette's ears perked up at the sound of her mother's voice as she handed over a croissant to the last customer of the lunch rush. With Easter right around the corner, they needed her to help out with various chocolate specials and cookies.

She watched as the business mask her mother usually wore during the day softened.

"Alright dear, I understand. What's the address?"

Marinette's brow furrowed. Her mother was actually taking a delivery request?

Picking up the order, the designer made a mental note of the various pastries, arranging them in a box with the bill taped to the top. She'd managed to throw it together just as her mother hung up the phone.

With a glance at the address, Marinette's eyes widened.

"_Maman_, may I deliver this?"

Sabine looked down to her daughter, surprised, before nodding.

Marinette nearly stumbled out the door with the pastries in hand, clutching the piece of paper in her hands. In the past she would've refused, so seeking out going to this house was extremely out of character for her.

But similar to her missing partner, this person hadn't been to the school in weeks, and she was worried enough to ignore her fluttering stomach.

She didn't even need the address. She knew where she was going.

The Agreste mansion.

â€|..

Adrien hadn't ever really been good at seeing in the dark until he became Chat Noir.

Green-tinted night vision came in handy when he and his Lady were roaming around, or when the lights were cut, and he often found himself grateful for the new skill. Especially when it started affecting his vision as Adrien.

He didn't realize how sharp his vision had been beforeâ€|

Until everything turned into blobs.

After the akuma attack, Adrien had managed to stumble home amidst the large white splotches across his vision. He figured the blinding flash had only temporarily affected his eyesightâ€"maybe it was even a migraine and he could just sleep it offâ€"but when it hadn't improved once the weekend was up, Plagg had taken him to Master Fu.

His eyes were still red, and Master Fu has told him he had snow blindness.

It was a relief to know that it was temporaryâ€"it was essentially a sunburn on the surface of the eyesâ€"and would heal, but until then he was homebound. He'd managed to convince his father and Nathalie that he'd gotten caught up around the last akuma attack and been blinded. Thankfully they hadn't asked why Ladybug's cure had failed to work its magic on him.

He had no idea himself.

Nathalie had gone back to homeschooling himâ€"though he had no

vision, he was still able to keep up with the information since she'd read it to him--so he wouldn't be behind once his eyes healed.

But he was still lonely.

He could see silhouettes, but they were dark. Maneuvering around his house relied heavily on muscle memory and light--it was nearly impossible for him to walk around at night. When everyone was out and about and he was alone, Plagg would help direct him. His kwami had dropped his usual snarky demeanour and been really supportive.

It was a nice change.

On an off day, Adrien found himself in need of food. The only things available he'd have to cook, and that wasn't currently possible in his state. Plague offered to give him a hand, but Adrien didn't want to risk Nathalie or his father showing up out of the blue and seeing him.

Chat's luck was bad enough that he wouldn't be surprised if a black cat kwami destroying the kitchen in an attempt to whip up some food was how he was found out.

The one thing he _did _let Plagg do, was find the number of a nearby food place that had good cheese rolls for him and other types of party for Adrien.

So when he ended up on the phone with Sabine Cheng, Adrien couldn't help the warmth that spread in his chest. The few times he'd been over to Marinette's house they'd eaten amazing food, and Sabine had been so kind to him. As much as it made him miss his own mother, Marinette's parents were always so welcoming.

It was so different in comparison to his house.

When the doorbell rang, Adrien buzzed the blob in. He could see the box that he was sure contained his dinner and Plagg didn't make any sort of objection, so he figured it was alright. Making sure the kwami stayed in his room, Adrien managed to open up the door.

He couldn't quite make out who exactly was there by their initial appearance. But when she started talking, his blood ran cold.

In the time he'd been fighting akuma with his Lady, he'd gotten to know her pretty well. He could sense how she moved, hear the swish of her suit as her arms brushed her sides, the sound of her footfalls, the rhythm of her breathing. With his enhanced hearing, his ears had memorized every aspect of her too.

"Adrien, hi! Where've you been? Haven't seen you at school in weeks."

â€|_Ladybug?_

No. It couldn't possibly be Ladybug. There was no way she was at his door, and he would've known if she'd been in his classâ€|right?

But it had to be.

She was shifting from foot to foot, and though he could tell her suit

wasn't on, her footsteps were the same. Her breathing was the same. With how quiet it was, if he strained enough, he could hear her heart beating.

This was his Lady. She was right in front of him.

"Yeah," he scratched the back of his neck, swallowing his anxiety into the pit of his stomach. "I kinda got caught around the last akuma and haven't been able to really see properly!"

Silence.

"You were at the carnival?"

Adrien focused as best as he could on the figure in front of him. She was shorter than him with two small blobs on either side of the blob he assumed was her neck. Pigtails. The shape and colour her clothes were different, but seemed really familiar.

"Uhâ€|I thought since you ordered some food, I'd come deliver it to see how you were. We haven't seen you in awhile and we're all getting worried."

Marinette?

But she always stuttered around him.

Either way, there was no way he was letting his Lady out of his siâ€"

General vicinity.

"Awesome," he grinnedâ€"_careful Adrien, your Chat is showing_â€"and stepped to the side, holding the door open for her. "Wanna come in for a bit? I ordered a lot and I won't be able to eat it all myself."

He heard her breath hitch in her throat and she stammered slightly, "S-sure. Y-yeah. Okay."

Yeah. Definitely Marinette.

As she walked in, Adrien smiled to himself. What an idiot he was. She was behind him the whole time and he was too blind to even notice.

He burst out laughing.

He sensed more than saw Marinette turn around and he could almost see the look of confusion on his Lady's face asâ€"he assumedâ€"she stared in his general direction.

"What?" she asked softly.

Adrien couldn't stop laughing.

"Nothing," he gasped, holding his stomach, "really nothing."

He heard her cross her arms in front of her chest. "Doesn't seem like

nothing to me."

There she was. His Lady.

"Just thinking about a show I was watching earlier. There was a really funny joke and I couldn't stop laughing. I just remembered it again."

Marinette seemed to accept that as she opened the box of goodies. Adrien shuffled over, objects becoming clearer when up close.

The smell of flour, yeast, and icing sugar wafted its way up his nose.

His lady smelled like that too.

God how could he not have noticed.

What was so funny, she'd asked? For the first time in weeks his eyes managed to focus in on her bright blue eyes as she pulled out a croissant and handed it to him.

It's funny, that it took me losing my vision to see you were right in front of me all this time, m'Lady.

Well, behind him if you wanted to get technical.

But he didn't feel like being a smartass today.

â€|

It took everything in Marinette's power not to run from Adrien's house curl up somewhere in a ball, and rip her hair out.

He couldn't see properly.

Just how many more people did her cure fail to help?

"So, any more attacks at the school since I've been gone?"

Marinette looked over to Adrien. The blond had a croissant in his hand that he was proceeding to rip apart. She studied his face, gaze settling in on his eyes and the pink tinge to them. With the way they were, he really reminded her of Chat.

She shook that thought out of her head.

"No? Well, that's good."

Marinette shook her head again, "N-no! I didn't mean no! I was justâ€"

She cleared her throat.

"There was one. Ladybug managed to take care of it," she said softly. She'd been really worried when he hadn't shown up again. The akuma hadn't been very aggressive, but the distinct lack of Chat and his puns really irked her.

"That's good," she saw him smile. "What about Chat?"

Marinette looked down, biting her lip. "He hasn't been seen for the past few weeks."

"Ohâ€|" Adrien chewed and swallowed another small piece of bread, "do you think he's okay?"

The designer swallowed and crossed her arms in front of her chest.

"I hope so," she whispered, turning to meet his eyes.

"I really hope so."

* * *

><p>"Please come back, kitty."

Ladybug readied her yo-yoâ€"

"As you wish, m'Lady."

She froze.

Turning slowly, her eyes focused in on the leather-clad figure emerging from the shadows of the Eiffel tower. What good was that bell on his neck if it didn't let her know where the hell he was?!

She told him so too.

A large grin spread across his face, "You ca_ring_ about where I am is a new one, m'Lady. Normally you can't get rid of me fast enough."

Ladybug made her way over to him slowly, heart pounding.

He was really here. Half a head taller than her, brightâ€"back to normalâ€"green eyes, a mop of blonde hair and black cat ears. He was here.

No sooner did that fact register than she found herself wrapped around him.

Burying her forehead in his neck, Ladybug pulled him close, tightening her hold around his torso and gripping at his shoulder blades with her fingertips. He was back. He was okay.

"You had me worried sick you stupid cat."

She felt his chest rumble beneath her as he laughed lightly. She felt him shift, arms coming up to wrap themselves around her shoulders, securing her to him.

"I'm sorry. Never again, Bugaboo."

Wrapped in warmth, Ladybug's anxiety vanished for the first time in weeks as she breathed in and then out. The streets were empty, silentâ€"

The only sound she could hear, was the steady, healthy heartbeat of her unlucky counterpart.

And she was never more grateful for that sound.

End
file.